



## The Horse.

### Horse Gossip.

An English paper makes the following comments on the prices paid for horses for export, which shows that some very poor horses must be selected by those who buy for export. "There is a great difference between the value of the horses we import and those exported from this country. The average value of the former for 1888 was only \$16 14c, while that of the latter was \$25 75c, a price more than 57 per cent above the average of horses exported in 1887. Canada received the greatest number of horses we sent away, Belgium coming next, and Holland, the United States and France following in the order here given. Canada gave the highest prices, the average being nearly \$20 per horse, and Belgium the lowest, or about \$10. Dutch purchases averaged about \$15, and American \$16."

We have received the catalogue for 1889 of the Percheron Horses and Jersey Cattle on the Log Cabin Farm of Hon. T. W. Palmer, of this city. It is neatly printed, and arranged, and while others may be larger and more pretentious, probably includes the finest lot of Percheron horses individually for the number ever catalogued by an American breeder. The pedigrees invariably trace to the most noted animals of the breed in France, and each one was selected for its possession of the characteristics typical of the race it represents. They were selected as a foundation from which to breed, not merely to import and sell, and this end has always been held steadily in view since the Percheron was first introduced upon this farm. The broad natures are a grand lot, and from them a number of young things have been bred which show conclusively that the good points of the Percheron can surely be held by careful breeding on this side of the Atlantic. Every one interested in the Percheron horses in Michigan should pay this farm a visit and look over the stock kept upon it. They will leave it with a higher opinion than ever of the Percheron. Write to E. W. Cottrell, Manager, No. 4 Merrill Block, Detroit, if you are thinking of buying a Percheron, and get one of these catalogues. "You need not leave Michigan to get a horse to suit you, even if you want one of the very best."

In our rambles over the State, we frequently find horses which the owner tells us are "Cumberland," and as they appear to be a distinct type from other horse stock in the neighborhood where they are owned, we have always felt a curiosity regarding their origin. The old horse Cumberland, from which they derive their name, was owned by Geo. W. Phillips, of Romeo, ex-President of the State Agricultural Society, and we recently wrote him for particulars regarding the breeding of the horse. In his reply he states that Cumberland was sired by an imported Clyde stallion, of large size, and his dam was by the thoroughbred horse imported Blacklock. Mr. Phillips, who is known as a veteran breeder of both cattle and horses, says: "Cumberland was a cross-bred horse, and as is always the case where both sides are equally strongly bred the blood will blend and make a distinct animal. This was the case with Cumberland. His stock are all bays, weigh from 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., and have the best feet and legs in the world." Certainly we have seen some excellent specimens of the farm horse from Cumberland, very vigorous, hardy, untrusting, and not afraid of a hard pull. One of the family is a stallion owned near Ponton, Genesee Co., by Mr. H. N. Paul, called Young Cumberland, and he is evidently a typical animal. He is blood bay, weighing 1,350 lbs. and a good horse. His dam was by Philip Allen, a son of Ethan Allen, g. dam by Robin Hood, a French Canadian stallion known in Macomb and St. Clair Counties. Young Cumberland should get a fine class of colts, good for the farm or the road.

Has the Limit in Speed Been Reached? In a speech before the National Academy of Sciences recently, Prof. Brewer said: The English thoroughbred is a finished breed, and has undoubtedly arrived at the summit of its excellence. There has been practically no new blood in this breed since 1860. It has been finished and completed in two events. First, as to its grade, hereditary blood and character; secondly, as to its speed, in which the limit has been reached. We have faster horses than our grandfathers, but it is not unlikely that our grandchildren will have a faster breed than we have now.

In the case of trotters there has been a steady increase of speed. The best record is 2:08 1/2. Less than a dozen horses have ever trotted in less than 2:14.

The best record in running was made in Louisville, the time being 1:39 1/2. The nearest that any horse has come to this record is 1:40, which was done last year. A very large number of horses have made their records but once. There are many that have made as fast time as those that have records, but in not winning the race they have no record. The record as it now stands may be lowered. When I say that speed has reached its maximum I did not mean that better time could not be made. I think that 1:39 will be the speed of runners. Hereafter breeders will be expected to keep up this high standard of excellence rather than to make better time.

### Experience in Feeding Horses.

Prof. Grenside, of the Guelph Agricultural College, in a lecture before a farmers' institute at Baltimore, Ont., said: In feeding oats they should be chopped in order to make them more digestive and palatable to the animal. Care should be taken that the horse will not eat too quick, as in many cases the diseases to which they fall a prey must be attributed to the disorders brought about by a bad process of feeding. A horse requires a change of food as much as a human being, but care should be exercised in the changes from time to time instituted. Too large quantities of roots are highly injurious, because the horse, as a rule, eats greedily, and consequently the digestive organs are interfered with. The professor, at this stage, entered minutely into the different kinds of feeding, his lecture going to show that the horse, to be useful, demands as much care as man, and that unless intelligence is exhibited in feeding the results frequently end in disaster. A horse, he went on to state, will not drink too much water, provided it is constantly before him. Excess of water will produce indigestion, the antidote to which is to give the horse water as regularly as possible. The lecturer was never afraid of giving a horse water when warm, the disease known as founder being due to indigestion, and not to any direct results from watering or feeding. The professor alluded to the feeding of salt, condemning in strong terms the almost universal practice of giving horses an overdose of what enters largely into the formation of tissue on Sunday, and then doing nothing during the remaining part of the week. Salt should be given daily if it is to be made effective, as the closest experience went to show that if administered in large quantities the animal would partake too freely of water, and consequently the digestive organs are put out of order. The concluding part of the lecture dealt with clipping. The professor held that it was humane to clip horses, but at the same time rough blankets should be avoided to take the place of the hair removed.

March, April, May

Are the months in which to purify the blood, as the system is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Here now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, a medicine peculiarly adapted for the purpose, possessing peculiar curative powers. It expels every impurity from the blood, and also gives it vitality and richness. It creates an appetite, tones the digestion, invigorates the liver, and gives new life and energy to every function of the body. The testimony of thousands, as to the great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince everybody that it is the greatest blood purifier and spring medicine.

## The Farm.

### About Pigs.

Our improved modern pigs are the result of the infusion of Chinese and Siamese blood with the pigs of England and Ireland of one hundred years ago. The Chester Whites and Poland-Chinas of this country are not thoroughbred in the strict sense of the term, that is, they do not always reproduce their ancestors. The Poland-China breed is the best one for the practical farmer. In my experience in breeding swine I find it best to select good, clean-cut sows, with plenty of bone and constitution, better a little coarse in bone than too fine bred, and breed them to finely bred Berkshire, Essex or Yorkshire boars. The pigs will combine the fineness of the boar with the constitution of the sows. The farmer cannot afford to breed thoroughbreds for pork. The pigs bring most net profit when sold at eight or ten months old.

It is a great mistake to assume that pigs do not require good treatment. They as well repay warm and clean quarters, with pure water to drink, as any other animal. I teach my pigs to drink when two or three weeks old. It is very important to warm the milk up to the temperature of 95° to 100°, and to feed at least three times a day. If the feed is given but once a day the pigs are so hungry that they drink too fast, and indigestion results. It is best to feed four or five times a day.

I have largely substituted crushed oats and oilcake for bran. I commence to feed clover as soon as the pigs are weaned. It is important not to confine young pigs too closely, but to let them run sufficient for exercise. Many of the diseases of swine result from too close confinement, too much filth and improper food. I can tell by the looks of the meat when the hog has been properly fed. Quality depends largely on the food. Our finest bred hogs, with improper food, would soon degenerate to the condition of scrubs.—Edward Burnett, before New York Institute.

### The Corn and the Cob.

Prof. E. W. Stewart, in the *Country Gentleman*, in his very interesting article on feeding values and methods, says: The supposition that the polish in the corn is what gives it its extra value is all imaginary. The reason why corn and cob meal will produce as good a result in milk as pure corn meal, is simply that the ground cob separates the particles of meal and gives bulk to it in the stomach, making it porous so that the corn meal is more perfectly acted upon by the gastric juice. But the same weight of the cob in short-cut oat straw mixed with the fine corn meal will produce even a better result, because it has a greater bulk according to weight than the cob, and carries the meal into the stomach in a still more porous condition, and will cause the meal to be raised and remasticated by the cow. The better digestion of the meal is the secret of the cob's virtue. The cob of corn, safely cured in crib, is counted to weigh 14 lbs. to the bushel. This is one lb. of cob of corn meal, and when four lbs. of corn meal are mixed with one lb. short-cut oat straw, there would be the same relative proportion, but it would be better to feed a larger proportion of straw. The ordinary feeder persists in feeding full corn meal alone, or separate from the coarse fodder, and when so fed at least one-fifth of the meal passes into the droppings undigested, which is saved when mixed with the cob or other coarse fodder.

Feeders have been very slow to recognize the fact that nature feeds grain and stalk together. Animals in a state of nature eat whatever there is of grain or stalk together. When the animal is placed under artificial conditions and the concentrated grain is fed separately, there follows a large waste of the nutriment in the grain. Western cattle fed upon corn in the ear require three times as much grain to produce the same result as when the grain ground is mixed and fed with coarse fodder, and is raised with the cud and remasticated.

### Lysimeters and Soil Water.

A lysimeter is a tight box placed in the earth to catch what water may drain from a given depth of soil. It is usually lined with copper, and joints in the lining made watertight with solder. The usual mode of filling is to excavate around the soil to be used, and settle the box down over the soil which is thus enclosed. The cover is driven under, and the edges of copper on the box and cover are then soldered together. The box is then lowered into a pit in such a way that the surface of the soil within it is level with the earth outside and provided with a tube so the drainage can be collected and measured.

Drain gauges like this have been used for a century to measure what is called the drainage water. Many elaborate experiments have been made with them to find the drainage and evaporation from different soils, and the same soil in different situations and under varying conditions. Very interesting results have been obtained, but their having been drawn from soils placed in an artificial position, shut off from the subsoil, and also from lateral percolation, prevents the application of observed facts to soil under natural conditions. In the moist climates of Great Britain and Western Europe these drainage records are doubtless much nearer the real movements of soil water than in ours. Here the soil is rapidly dried out during a part of the year to be restocked during the other half to three-fourths. The enclosed lysimeter soil must become drier without having yielded nearly so much vapor during dry weather because it can not draw on the subsoil. It also must discharge more than the same soil under natural conditions, because no part of its superabundant moisture can be returned to aid in raising the general water table. Thus little dependence can be placed in the application of the common lysimeter records to the actual movement of water in the contiguous soils.

Studying on this point at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, Mr. Goff, with some valuable hints from Professor Babcock, has invented a new lysimeter, which can measure accurately the amount of drainage and evaporation with reference to a water table at a given depth. So promising is this new apparatus that several experiment stations either have them or are

contemplating their construction. The lysimeter is described in the *Station Report* for 1887, and with improvements in that of 1888. It consists, in brief, of a strong copper-lined cylinder or box, with a perforated copper tube two inches from the bottom, protruding from one side. The tube carries off drainage water and conveys sufficient water back, if needed, to keep the water table up to a given point. To the outer end of the tube a three-way cock is attached. Should the drainage raise this water table above the given level, it escapes to a vessel provided to catch it. If, on the other hand, evaporation is active and capillary carries up the water so as to lower the water table below the extremity of an air tube which passes into the three-way cock, water from another vessel is allowed to enter the lysimeter until the raising of the water table cuts off the supply of air and checks the movement. The action of the lysimeter thus becomes automatic, and the observer only need keep his supply bottle filled, read off the amount of water used from his graduated supply tube in dry weather, and measure the drainage regularly when there is a discharge from the lysimeter.

From these figures and the rainfall, obtained elsewhere, he can calculate the drainage and evaporation, not from the boxes alone as in the old gauges, but from any soil of the same character and exposed to the same meteorological conditions with a water table at a certain constant height. This may not seem much of a gain at first sight, but it is nevertheless a long stride toward some day knowing how to handle and conserve soil-water, the best of all fertilizers. One other important step must be supplied by invention, or by numerous observations at various depths in different soils, and under varying conditions, namely, adjusting the relation between the fixed water table of the Goff lysimeter and the ever-varying one of the natural soil.—Philadelphia Press.

### Agricultural Items.

MASSACHUSETTS farmers sell their hay at good prices, and buy western corn for feeding purposes.

THE *Toronto Globe* says a top-dressing of fine manure is the very best thing it is possible to give a seed bed for grass sown in the spring.

M. DUNHAM, the well-known horse breeder, feeds alfalfa largely. He put up 1,500 tons the past season, and does not hesitate to feed it to his most valuable horses.

A BILL has been introduced into the New York Legislature providing \$30,000 for the establishment of four dairy schools in that State, for the purpose of giving free instruction in the dairying business.

ENGLISH farmers report extraordinary results from feeding ensilage to sheep. From eight to ten pounds of silage, with chaffed straw and roots, constitute a ration on which sheep—especially ewes—are said to thrive remarkably.

A MAN who says he never falls with the common strap-leap turnip, clears off his turnip patch about the first of August, puts in a good allowance of dissolved bone and wood ashes, then goes over it with a wheel hoe and sows after a rain if possible.

Hoar's *Dairymen* says a bitter thing when it remarks: "One reason why there is so much truth in the oft-repeated remark, 'Farming don't pay,' is that there is not another business on the face of the earth that, in proportion to the number engaged in it, supports so many incompetents."

THE New York Legislature has had presented for its consideration a bill, similar in its provisions to that before the Legislature of Michigan, requiring the inspection alive within that State, of cattle intended for consumption within its limits. The object is the same as in Michigan—to protect the feeders of the State from competition with Chicago dressed meats.

A WESTERN farmer says: "The hog will utilize much on the farm that might go to waste. Now this is particularly the case with small farmers, whose waste is legion. Take pumpkins, for example, and small potatoes; buy a kettle, build an arch, and cook them in bran, shorts and rye, and your hogs will grow fine until you finish with corn."

THE *Orange County Farmer* says: "Let every farmer resolve that he will give his better-half a garden this season, that will eclipse any previous one, and then proceed to carry the resolve into effect. No part of the farm pays larger dividends in money and health than a good garden. It will save doctor's bills, promote comfort, lighten the housewife's cares, and generally go a long way toward making life really worth living."

AN *Orange County* farmer brings on a grade Guernsey cow that makes a pound of butter from each six pounds of milk. He feeds half bushel yellow globe turnips, nicely grated and sprinkled with four quarts middlings twice a day, and says that they make the best and cheapest milk-producing feed that he can find, as the cost of growing is merely nominal, as he sows them in the corn field just ahead of the trip of cultivation. To insure a crop he always prepares and sows a piece of ground purposely. He says there is no danger of any taste, either in the milk or butter, if the yellow globe are used, and are fed just after milking. The strap-leap turnip is sure to taste.

"TO EITHER hold the plow or drive" requires strength. To secure and keep strength a good stomach is required and it must be kept in strong and healthy action.

Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy will put your weak stomach in good working order.

## The Poultry Yard.

### Harmful Whitewash.

I have long distrusted the broad claims made for the much-recommended washing of poultry-houses for prevention or extermination of the vermin which it is claimed habitually infest them and their occupants. I have had no personal experience with it, because I never fail to accomplish the purpose by easier, cheaper and more permanent effective means than the advocates of whitewashing have ever ventured to claim for it. I have, however, taken pains to look the matter up, without prejudice, and am now persuaded that so far from accomplishing

ing any real good of itself, the whitewash is actually harmful. It may be admitted that some immediate benefit appears to be gained, as would be the case with any other substance so thoroughly applied to every crack and crevice, but it remains true, nevertheless, that the whitewash is a protector rather than an exterminator of the vermin. This very day I examined a whitewashed house and found a confirmation of this view. Carbol, kerosene and various other things which of themselves are destructive of insect life are put into the whitewash, but their destructive qualities are all more or less neutralized and rendered ineffective by dilution.

In a few hours the wash becomes dried and as harmless as sand, every destructive agent in it being effectually locked up. But the habitable retreats of the insects have been increased in number a hundred or a thousand fold. Cracks and other places without number which before were uninhabitable by them have had the dust wiped out, or wet down, and a protecting scale of whitewash hung up before them, thus creating many a new nidus where none existed before. If a house is really infested and it becomes desirable to clean it out to get rid of the vermin, it is easier, cheaper and far more effective to apply strong soapuds with or without the addition of kerosene, spirits of turpentine, or any other of the agents employed to render it more effective. Such a wash not only kills the vermin but detaches the accretions which protect them and leaves a free open space, which is generally preferable to one partly filled with anything, except it be fine, dry dust in which insects cannot live. If the cracks and other open spaces in a poultry house are to be filled at all it should be with mortar containing sufficient plaster of paris, raw or calcined, or other similar substance, to make the filling solid. But I repeat what I have often said, that there is no occasion for any of these things when the supply of dust is what it should be in every case.—O. S. Bliss, in N. Y. Tribune.

### Poultry Roosts.

The next time you shut up your chicken house door for the night, just peep in and you will see the best part of your chickens all trying to get to the top roost. The bosses of the flock will get there after much wangling and pecking at each other's combs, and there will be a restless time all night. I speak from experience and know that fowls lose much rest that they should get if the arrangements were such as they should be. To overcome this difficulty, build your roosts horizontal or all on the same level, and there will be no more crowding. Another serious drawback to the old slanting roosts, is that the large Asiatic breeds such as Langshans, Brahmas, etc., in flying to the ground at peep of day are apt to get bumble foot or hurt themselves in various ways, especially in winter when the ground is frozen. I have known of cases where fowls have broken an egg in the egg passage when flying off a high roost. Another evil, though small, is the "fat roosting poles," which should be round. A fowl when roosting rests upon her breastbone, and in cases of young chickens their breastbones become crooked in a short time. This is a very simple thing to talk about, but when your hens are dressed for market, they don't show up as nice as one with a clean cut breast, and I don't doubt but what it makes a difference in the price. Therefore, it may behoove you to save a penny in replacing round roost poles for flat ones.—Orange County Farmer.

The poultry editor of the *New England Farmer* has kept account of the production of his poultry yard, which in January, 1888, numbered 167 hens, dwindled to 13 in September, and raised to 125 in December. The hens are credited with 1,459 1/2 dozen eggs, sold in the local market 17 miles from Boston, at an average of 26 1/2 cts per dozen, and bringing in \$383.58. The sum received from the sale of fowls brought the receipts up to \$517.01, and the food cost \$173.28, leaving the net profit \$343.73. The eggs and chickens used in the family were credited to the hens, at market prices. The fowls are kept in pens of 15 each, Mr. Hunter believing that not more than that number in one pen will keep in the best health and condition and produce the most eggs.

HEN statistics are in order. The *Adrian Press* says: "G. W. Allen, of Franklin, has 180 hens which he persuaded to lay for him 1,000 dozen of eggs the past year, bringing him a value of \$173.91, which is more than a dollar a hen. There, also, he sold enough chickens to raise the marketed product to \$200; has 75 pullets in stock, and makes no account of the eggs used in the family, or chickens potted." And in the *South Haven Messenger*, Mrs. S. M. Grimes gives the following record of her five Plymouth Rock hens: "They began laying when about twenty months old, and beginning February 24th, 1888, in thirty-five weeks they laid 716 eggs, two eggs less than sixty dozen."

KEROSENE oil is a powerful remedy in roup, but horribly harsh. It will clear out canker, but its use is a torture to invalid and nurse. There should be drinking water, with iron in some form in it, always near roop cases, and if the chickens will not take it they must have it given them.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR.

EXCELS IN STRENGTH AND PURITY. Always gives a bright natural color, never turns rancid. Will not color the Butter Milk. Used by thousands of the best Creameries and Dairies. Do not allow your dealer to convince you that some other kind is just as good. Tell him the BEST is what you want, and you must have Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color. Three sizes, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. For sale everywhere. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO, Burlington, Vt.

BONE MEAL For Poultry, Granulated Bone and Crushed Oyster shells. Send for Price List. YORK CHEMICAL WORKS, York, Pa.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TREES, ROSES, GRAPES, Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Roses, Fossiles, Hardy Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, etc., including many Novelties. Catalogue giving information indispensable to planters, sent to all regular customers free to others: No. 1, Fruit, 10c; No. 2, Ornamentals, 10c; No. 3, Illustrations, 10c; No. 4, Rose, 10c; No. 5, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 6, Fossiles, 10c; No. 7, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 8, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 9, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 10, Fossiles, 10c; No. 11, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 12, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 13, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 14, Fossiles, 10c; No. 15, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 16, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 17, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 18, Fossiles, 10c; No. 19, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 20, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 21, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 22, Fossiles, 10c; No. 23, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 24, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 25, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 26, Fossiles, 10c; No. 27, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 28, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 29, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 30, Fossiles, 10c; No. 31, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 32, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 33, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 34, Fossiles, 10c; No. 35, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 36, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 37, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 38, Fossiles, 10c; No. 39, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 40, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 41, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 42, Fossiles, 10c; No. 43, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 44, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 45, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 46, Fossiles, 10c; No. 47, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 48, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 49, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 50, Fossiles, 10c; No. 51, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 52, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 53, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 54, Fossiles, 10c; No. 55, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 56, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 57, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 58, Fossiles, 10c; No. 59, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 60, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 61, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 62, Fossiles, 10c; No. 63, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 64, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 65, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 66, Fossiles, 10c; No. 67, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 68, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 69, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 70, Fossiles, 10c; No. 71, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 72, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 73, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 74, Fossiles, 10c; No. 75, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 76, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 77, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 78, Fossiles, 10c; No. 79, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 80, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 81, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 82, Fossiles, 10c; No. 83, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 84, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 85, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 86, Fossiles, 10c; No. 87, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 88, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 89, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 90, Fossiles, 10c; No. 91, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 92, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 93, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 94, Fossiles, 10c; No. 95, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 96, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 97, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 98, Fossiles, 10c; No. 99, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 100, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 101, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 102, Fossiles, 10c; No. 103, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 104, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 105, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 106, Fossiles, 10c; No. 107, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 108, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 109, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 110, Fossiles, 10c; No. 111, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 112, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 113, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 114, Fossiles, 10c; No. 115, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 116, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 117, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 118, Fossiles, 10c; No. 119, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 120, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 121, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 122, Fossiles, 10c; No. 123, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 124, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 125, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 126, Fossiles, 10c; No. 127, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 128, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 129, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 130, Fossiles, 10c; No. 131, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 132, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 133, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 134, Fossiles, 10c; No. 135, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 136, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 137, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 138, Fossiles, 10c; No. 139, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 140, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 141, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 142, Fossiles, 10c; No. 143, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 144, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 145, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 146, Fossiles, 10c; No. 147, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 148, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 149, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 150, Fossiles, 10c; No. 151, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 152, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 153, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 154, Fossiles, 10c; No. 155, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 156, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 157, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 158, Fossiles, 10c; No. 159, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 160, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 161, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 162, Fossiles, 10c; No. 163, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 164, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 165, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 166, Fossiles, 10c; No. 167, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 168, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 169, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 170, Fossiles, 10c; No. 171, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 172, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 173, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 174, Fossiles, 10c; No. 175, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 176, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 177, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 178, Fossiles, 10c; No. 179, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 180, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 181, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 182, Fossiles, 10c; No. 183, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 184, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 185, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 186, Fossiles, 10c; No. 187, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 188, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 189, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 190, Fossiles, 10c; No. 191, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 192, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 193, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 194, Fossiles, 10c; No. 195, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 196, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 197, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 198, Fossiles, 10c; No. 199, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 200, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 201, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 202, Fossiles, 10c; No. 203, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 204, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 205, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 206, Fossiles, 10c; No. 207, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 208, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 209, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 210, Fossiles, 10c; No. 211, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 212, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 213, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 214, Fossiles, 10c; No. 215, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 216, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 217, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 218, Fossiles, 10c; No. 219, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 220, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 221, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 222, Fossiles, 10c; No. 223, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 224, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 225, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 226, Fossiles, 10c; No. 227, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 228, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 229, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 230, Fossiles, 10c; No. 231, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 232, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 233, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 234, Fossiles, 10c; No. 235, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 236, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 237, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 238, Fossiles, 10c; No. 239, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 240, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 241, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 242, Fossiles, 10c; No. 243, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 244, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 245, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 246, Fossiles, 10c; No. 247, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 248, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 249, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 250, Fossiles, 10c; No. 251, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 252, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 253, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 254, Fossiles, 10c; No. 255, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 256, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 257, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 258, Fossiles, 10c; No. 259, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 260, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 261, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 262, Fossiles, 10c; No. 263, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 264, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 265, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 266, Fossiles, 10c; No. 267, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 268, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 269, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 270, Fossiles, 10c; No. 271, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 272, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 273, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 274, Fossiles, 10c; No. 275, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 276, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 277, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 278, Fossiles, 10c; No. 279, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 280, Grape Vines, 10c; No. 281, Small Fruits, 10c; No. 282, Fossiles, 10c; No. 283, Hardy Plants, 10c; No. 284, Grape V

**PLANTS AND TREES**

# ROSES PLANTS

## GRAPE VINES, FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES CHOICEST OLD. RAREST NEW.

Among the latter we introduce the **CRAWFORD STRAWBERRY. YOU WANT IT!** It combines more good qualities than any other. If you want PURE WHITE strawberries or anything for OBELISK, GARDEN, LAWN or PARK, send for our

### VALUABLE FREE CATALOGUE

containing about 160 pages with hundreds of illustrations. **IT'S A BEAUTY! ORDER DIRECT.** Get the best home prices, and save all commissions. Thirty-fifth year; 24 greenhouses, 700 acres. **THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., O.**

---



**SALTZERS GIANT SALT DRYED**

Over 100,000 customers of salt prunes my seed yields you often doubled them by sowing my Northern Green Seeds—sprinkle them on Wheat or Corn, Ontario, Barley, etc. Send for free catalogue now. We pay in place \$17.00 on Farm Seeds and \$11.00 on Vegetables for largest yield in 1888. You can win one or more if you wish. See Catalogue about it. Operate 6000 acres in growing seeds. Three rows of seed each over acre; cellar capacity 60,000 bu. Our city has 25 male, by freight trains and 30 female, by rail cars. I will fill all orders at once. Send for free catalogue now. Write for latest Catalogue and Free Seed. JOHN A. SALZER, La Crosse, Wis.

**BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS**

Northern Seed Potatoes  
**600 BU PER ACRE**

---

## GOOD THINGS FOR THE GARDEN AND FARM

### Choice Novelties in Vegetable and Flower Seeds

with all the standard sorts. The best inducement I can offer for your trade is the fact that I always test the vitality of my seeds, rejecting all worthless stock. Send for my illustrated and enlarged catalogue and give me a trial this season.  
**JAMES KING, 170 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.**

---

## SPRAY YOUR TREES

AND YOU WILL REAP THE FRUITS OF YOUR LABOR.  
Little labor, small expense and large profits to those who use our Pumps in Spraying.  
**SURE, SAFE AND EFFECTIVE.**  
Send for FREE Circular of Spraying Pumps containing Formulas of Valuable Preparations for destroying all insects troublesome to Trees and plants.  
Wind Mill Pumps, Force Pumps, Hydraulic Rams, Farm and Church Bells, Etc.  
**DIO INJUCE AGENTS.**  
60 Barclay St. New York.  
30-30 Old St. Seneca Falls, N.Y.  
**N. B. W.** want one for every county.

---

## THE COULDS MFG. CO..

All old and new varieties GRAPES, Extra Quality. Another Small LOTS. Cheap by mail. Descriptive Catalogue sent upon request. Introducing the new Black Grape, now first offered for sale.  
**T. S. RUSSARD CO., Fredonia, N.Y.**

---

# EMPIRE STATE & NIAGARA GRAPE VINES

Lowest rates for end users.

---

## Bless Your Souls!

My brother farmers, My pay 10¢ or 20¢, for a seed catalog, probably more profitable and almost certainly valuable, for just NOTHING? It may have less point about the covers, but great Scott! we are not after profit, but care, fresh and true to name, such as will make with a master's hand its own price paid over our own pocket. And so I am not afraid to WARRANT on the cover of my catalogue. I'm sorry, my fellow farmers, and join the thousands, who for thirty years have been users of my seeds: why, were a goodly company and having pleasant times together before the great majority of the present crop of seeds (thus the boys!) had left their nurse's arms! Send for a catalogue.  
**JAMES J. McCREARY, Marlborough, Mass.**

---

## THE DINGEE & CONRAD CO.'S ROSES AND SEEDS

We offer fastidious at your own door, the **LARGEST STOCK OF ROSES**, in America, all varieties, sizes and prices, to suit tastes and pockets. All roses guaranteed. We grow our own Climbing Vines, New Summer Flowering Bulbs, and Japan Lilacs, New Chrysanthemums, Gladioli, and Tuberoses. The Wonderful New Moon Flowers, New Grasses, and many other choice seeds. Goods sent everywhere by mail or express. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Our New Guide, no page, is sent to all subscribers. Write for it. It will pay you to see it before buying.  
**THE DINGEE & CONRAD CO., Rose Growers and Importers, West Grove, Pa.**

---

## Over 350,000 Acres of Choice Farm Lands in rich agricultural region. Failure of crops never known. Best all the year climate in the world. Soil adapted to all kinds of farming. Plenty of water. Church, school and social advantages. For sale at very low prices, and on unusually liberal terms.

Guide, with maps, prices, terms, and all required information, will be mailed **FREE** of charge on application.  
**C. E. SIMMONS, Land Commissioner, C. & N.W.Ry., CHICAGO, ILL.**

---

## 51st Year SEEDS

### GARDEN, FIELD & FLOWER ALWAYS FRESH AND RELIABLE.

Everywhere acknowledged the Best.  
**M. McCULLOUGH'S SONS,**  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.  
dec15-18t

---

## GRAPE VINES


I specially favor 32 years. Over 100 best new and old kinds: Empire State, Diamond Jewel, Eaton, Acme, Niagara, Wild Wood, Red Moor, etc. Garden, Brighton, Rockingham, Delaware, Catawba, Concord, etc. Now, medium size, 100 per cent. Also, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, and Fruit Plants. Low Prices. Catalogues free. GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, O.  
j25-6c0ew

---

## Ferry's Seeds

"OVER 6,000,000 people believe that it pays best to buy seeds from the largest and most reliable house, and they use Ferry's Seeds"  
**D. M. FERRY & CO.** are acknowledged to be the Largest Seedsmen in the World.  
We send FREE our Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL. For immediate mailing, without obligation, and to all applicants, and to last year's customers without ordering it. Available also to all persons sending Garden, Field or Flower Seeds to us. In return for the same.  
**D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.**  
j36-11t

---



## MURKIN BRAND SPRAYING FRUIT TREES

To destroy injurious insects is recommended by all experienced horticulturists and by this system only can perfect fruit be secured. For full directions and outfit for hand or horse power, address **FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., Lockport, N.Y.**

---

## Other Small Fruit Plants.

With the old and the new. The latter at bargainable prices. Price list ready March first. Sent to all who apply. Address  
**T. T. LYON,**  
South Haven, Michigan  
febb-15t

---

## PATENTS Secured for Inventors. Terms moderate. Information free.

**ACKER & MORSE,** Washington, D.C.  
j25-6m

---

## \$200 GIVEN AWAY For the Largest Crop of Fall Potatoes from Onions grown from seed procured from the HOUSEKEEPER, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Housekeeper with which you see sell your potatoes, are our favorite variety. They are early, late, and two ways. Single White, Yellow, Golden Wonder, etc.  
**j5-6c0ew**

---

## TREES

Root Grfts - Every thing! No larger stock in U.S. No better, no cheaper. Pike Co. Nurseries, Louisiana Mo.  
**j5-18t**

---

## Sample Style of Hidden Name and Trade Mark of Good Fruit, Berries, Apples, Peaches, etc. and a Great Many More and a Great Many More.

**HONE AND TUTTLE, MAINE, ME.**

---

## PURE SEEDS

Fresh Seeds. Warranted to grow and give satisfaction. Buy your seeds direct from the growers. We sell Best Seeds cheap. Put up in bulk. Free seeds with all orders. Send for Beautiful Illustrations of our seeds. **FREE Market Gardener's and Florist's Guide.**  
**ALBERT BROS., Rockford, Ill.**  
j12-6c0ew

---

## NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

Garden Seeds. Tools. A.G. GOODYEAR FREE. MANCHESTER MICHIGAN.  
j26-3m

---

## A MONTH Agents Wanted.

No best selling articles in the world. I sample free. Address **JAY BRUNSON, Detroit, Mich.**

---

## TREES

Root Grfts - Every thing! No larger stock in U.S. No better, no cheaper. Pike Co. Nurseries, Louisiana Mo.  
**j5-18t**

---

## Sample Style of Hidden Name and Trade Mark of Good Fruit, Berries, Apples, Peaches, etc. and a Great Many More and a Great Many More.

**HONE AND TUTTLE, MAINE, ME.**

---

## TESTED SEEDS

Complete and most carefully selected assortment of flower and vegetable seeds.  
**W. W. BARNARD & CO., INC.**  
6 and 8 North Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.  
(Successors to Hiram Hibler & Co.'s Garden Seed and Implement Business in Chicago, Ill.)  
j19-6c0ew

---

## TREES.

Deciduous and Evergreen, for Ornament, Hedges, Screens and Timber. Large variety lowest prices.  
**GEORGE PINNEY, Evergreen, Door Co., Wis.**

---

## TREES AND PLANTS

We offer for the Spring trade a large and fine stock of every description of FRUIT and Ornamental TREES, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, SMALL TREES, Hedge Plants, Fruit Tree Seedlings and Forest Tree Seedlings. Prized California Seedling of HARDY MAPLES, and BLOOMINGTON (PHOENIX) NURSERY SIDNEY TUTTLE & CO., Proprietors, Bloomington, Ill.  
j26-7t

---

## PURE SEEDS

Fresh Seeds. Warranted to grow and give satisfaction. Buy your seeds direct from the growers. We sell Best Seeds cheap. Put up in bulk. Free seeds with all orders. Send for Beautiful Illustrations of our seeds. **FREE Market Gardener's and Florist's Guide.**  
**ALBERT BROS., Rockford, Ill.**  
j12-6c0ew

---

## NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

Garden Seeds. Tools. A.G. GOODYEAR FREE. MANCHESTER MICHIGAN.  
j26-3m

---

## A MONTH Agents Wanted.

No best selling articles in the world. I sample free. Address **JAY BRUNSON, Detroit, Mich.**

---

## TREES

Root Grfts - Every thing! No larger stock in U.S. No better, no cheaper. Pike Co. Nurseries, Louisiana Mo.  
**j5-18t**

---

## Sample Style of Hidden Name and Trade Mark of Good Fruit, Berries, Apples, Peaches, etc. and a Great Many More and a Great Many More.

**HONE AND TUTTLE, MAINE, ME.**

# THE MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—  
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS,  
—SUCCESSORS TO—  
JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers,  
Nos. 40 and 42 West Larned St.,  
DETROIT, MICH.

DETROIT, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post Office as second class matter.

## STOCK SALES IN MICHIGAN.

The following dates have been selected by Michigan breeders for sales of improved stock:

MARCH 14—Frank N. Green, Charlotte, Short-horn cattle, J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.  
MARCH 20—L. L. Mills, Bancroft, Shawsheen County, Short-horn cattle, Poland-China hogs, Shorthorn and Merino sheep.  
MARCH 21—John W. Foster, Trustee, Flint, Standard and Trotting Bred and Clydesdale Stallions.  
MARCH 25—Joseph Sykes, Mtr., Ionia Co., Shorthorns, J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.  
JUNE 12—C. F. Moore, St. Clair, Shorthorns.  
JUNE 13—D. Henning, Battle Creek, Shorthorn and a few other cattle, J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

## WAR RUMOR.

A cable dispatch from Germany yesterday announced that the German war ship Olga bombarded Matanzas' camp, whereupon the commander of the American war vessel protested, but the protest being unheeded, he fired on the German vessel, doing considerable damage. The Olga then blew up by means of a torpedo. The authorities at Washington do not credit the report. If true, however, there will be lively times before long, and the new administration will have an opportunity of showing its ability to deal with great emergencies.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 40,717 bu., against 31,530 bu. the previous week, and 32,220 bu. for corresponding week in 1888. Shipments for the week were 24,157 bu., against 37,234 bu. the previous week, and none the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 759,555 bu., against 747,004 bu. last week, and 1,395,595 bu. at the corresponding date in 1888. The visible supply of this grain on March 1 was 52,000,059 bu., against 32,704,409 bu. the previous week, and 37,515,931 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 740,350 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 5,515,873 bu.

It has been a slow and dragging market all week, closing yesterday with prices for spot wheat below the dollar mark. The decline in futures has been equal to that on spot, and the bull element has had a hard time of it. So far as we can see, prospects are about the same as a month ago. There is nothing to hold up prices except the innate strength of the grain, as speculators are largely on the "bear side." It is admitted that stocks are light, that the worst month of the year has to be got through before the crop in the winter wheat States is safe, and that in the Western States the shortage in stocks is beginning to affect values materially. On the other hand, the export demand is very light, and other grains and potatoes very cheap. Russia is supplying wheat cheaper than America is willing to, while the stagnation in business which has been general since the beginning of the year operates to depress values in wheat as in every other product. But a little change in the outlook is required to start the market either way. We believe the outcome finally will be in favor of the holder, and that wheat will be worth more before the new crop is ready to cut. Both New York and Chicago reported a further decline yesterday. Liverpool was quiet and steady.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat in this market from Feb. 11th to March 3rd inclusive:

last week, closing yesterday with prices for spot wheat below the dollar mark. The decline in futures has been equal to that on spot, and the bull element has had a hard time of it. So far as we can see, prospects are about the same as a month ago. There is nothing to hold up prices except the innate strength of the grain, as speculators are largely on the "bear side." It is admitted that at stocks are light, that the worst month of the year has to be got through before the crop in the winter wheat States is safe, and that in the Northwest the shortage in stocks is beginning to affect values materially. On the other hand, the export demand is very light, and other grains and potatoes very cheap. Russia is supplying wheat cheaper than America is willing to, while the stagnation in business which has been general since the beginning of the year operates to depress values in wheat as in every other product. But a little change in the outlook is required to start the market either way. We believe the outcome finally will be in favor of the holder, and that wheat will be worth more before the new crop is ready to ship. Both New York and Chicago reported yesterday further decline yesterday. Liverpool was flat and steady.



## Poetry.

For the Michigan Farmer.  
A DAY IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

BY JESSE GATES.

I stood in thought upon a tower, and looked forth o'er the land,  
Saw waving fields at that sweet time in beauty on each hand;  
The hour was early morning, when the earth was all a glow  
With glowing light that lit each glen and cast on all below  
That heavenly halo that doth paint the earth in fairest forms,  
And makes it seem each patron saint has helped to bless the morn.  
The fields were white with ripened grain, that  
Swept with every breeze,  
Whose graceful stalks 'neath sun and rain the farmer's eye doth please.  
The lowing herds, the bleating flocks, were housed in sheltered nooks,  
The birds sang sweet from trees and rocks along the charming brooks.  
The sun arose, I heard the clang of farmers' breakfast bell,  
From every point at each maid rang, from hill-top, vale and dell;  
Then forth each busy patron starts with reaper, rake and man,  
Each one prepared to do his part with willing-ness, and then  
The silence that had reigned before, was broken by the noise  
Of reaper's clink, and shouts of men, and songs of happy boys.  
The golden grain falls 'neath the knife, is raked in gables bound,  
The merry binders, full of life, come after, round and round;  
The hours pass on, the field is spread with sheaves in countless rows,  
The sun is now quite overhead, and like a furnace glows,  
The workmen now with wakened ear list for the gladome call,  
That bids them come and take the cheer prepared for one and all;  
And now they're roused round the board, their happy meal to eat,  
With hearty food so freely stored, and flanked by pie and cake.  
They pass the hour of rest at noon, then to the field repair  
In double quick; there's a gloom, and dampness in the air,  
The gathering clouds are in the west, the thunder mutters low,  
The workmen spring and do their best, and soon there's row on row  
Of sheaves that dot the stubble plain in platoons fair and trim,  
Prepared to shed the falling rain, and stand the rushing wind.  
When all is done, with streaming brows they to the barn repair,  
And rest themselves upon the mow, safe from the watery air.  
Prepared when morning breaks again to take the field once more,  
And do their duty there like men, and do it o'er and o'er.  
Such is the life the farmer leads, and from him day by day  
We take our living as we need, and must for e'er and aye.

## MARCH.

The keen north wind pipes loud;  
Swift scuds the flying cloud;  
Light lies the new fallen snow,  
The ice-cold eaves drip slow,  
For glad spring has begun,  
And to the ardent sun  
The earth, long-time so bleak,  
Turns a frost-bitten cheek.  
Through the clear sky of March  
Blue to the topmost arch,  
Swept by the New Year's gales,  
The crow, harsh-clamoring, calls.  
By the swift river's flood  
The willow's golden bough  
Mounts to the highest spray,  
More vivid day by day;  
And fast the maples now  
Crimson through every bough,  
And from the alder's crown  
Swing the long catkins brown.  
Gone is the Winter's pain;  
Though sorrow still remain;  
Though eyes with tears be wet,  
The voice of our regret  
We hush to hear the sweet  
Far fall of Summer's feet.  
The Heavenly Father wise  
Looks in the saddened eyes  
Of our unworthiness,  
Yet doth He cheer and bless.  
Doubt and despair are dead;  
Hope dares to raise her head,  
And whisp'ers of delight  
Fill the earth's day and night.  
The snowdrops by the door  
Lift upward, sweet and pure,  
Their delicate bells, and soon,  
In the calm blaze of noon,  
By lowly woodland hills  
Will laugh the daffodils!

—Celia Thaxter.

## Miscellaneous.

## THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table  
paring potatoes for dinner. Something was  
evidently wrong with the little lady, for  
there was an unmistakable air of "spite"  
in the way she tossed the potatoes in the  
pan of cool spring water, waiting there to  
receive them. It was sultry weather; and  
through the open window came the sound  
of mowers whetting their scythes, blended  
with the call of the robin and the faint notes  
of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it  
only irritated Mrs. Thompson; indeed, every-  
thing irritated her that day.

To begin at the beginning, Jane Lawrence  
had been an unusually romantic girl, and  
had gone for two years to a boarding-  
school. She had always fancied she would  
marry some famous artist or scholar, who  
would take her to Rome and Venice, where  
she might live in a perpetual dream of  
beauty. She so loved beautiful things! But,  
contrary to all her preconceived notions, she  
married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical  
farmer, and instead of touring it in Italy,  
she went to live at the old homestead, which  
had been the abode of the Thompsons for  
generations.

Robert Thompson was a working farmer  
as well as a practical man, and all his peo-  
ple worked. His mother had worked in her  
day, his sisters had worked, he expected his  
wife to work. She took to it gleefully; she  
had not been brought up with high notions  
by any means; and at first the work did not  
seem so much. But every experienced lady  
knows how the work seems to accumulate  
in a plain farmer's household as years after  
marriage go on. There were plenty of men  
and boys about, but only one woman ser-  
vant was kept; and Mrs. Robert Thompson  
grew to find that she helped at nearly every-  
thing, save perhaps the roughest of the  
labor. In place of lounging in elegant for-  
eign studios, or gilding down famed canals

and streams in picturesque gondolas, she  
had butter and cheese to make, and poultry  
to rear, and dinners to cook in the long,  
low-celled kitchen, and the thousand and  
one cares upon her shoulders that make up  
a busy household.

The matter to-day which put her so  
very much out was this: A sewing club had  
recently been established in the neighbor-  
hood. There was much distress among the  
poor laborers' wives and families, and some  
ladies with time on their hands set up a  
sewing club, to make a few clothes for the  
nearly naked children. The farmers' wives  
had joined it—Mrs. Thompson among others.  
They met at stated intervals, taking the  
different houses in rotation; dining at  
home at 11 o'clock, and working steadily for several hours.

It was surprising how much work got  
done; how many little petticoats and frocks  
were made in the long afternoons. In less  
than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's  
turn to receive the company—for the first  
time—and she naturally began to consider  
ways and means. For they met for an en-  
tertainment as well as for sewing—tea in  
the afternoon, a grand meal later, when the  
stitching was over.

What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their  
stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few  
old and ends of cracked delf that had once  
been a kind of mulberry color. She had  
long wanted some new white ware; but she  
wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the  
keeper of the village crockery shop, had a  
lovely set for sale—white, with a delicate  
sprig of convolvulus and fuchsias, looking  
every bit as good as real china. Mrs.  
Thompson had set her heart on the set, and  
that morning had broached the subject to  
her husband.

"What's the matter with the old ones?"

he asked.

"Look at them," she answered. "They  
are frightfully old and shabby."

"I dare say the food will taste as well off  
them as off Grover's set of white ware."

"But there's not half enough. We have  
as good as none left."

"Mother had some best china. Where is  
it?"

"That's nearly all gone. We couldn't  
put the two on the table together."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Robert! Look at this. It is the  
shabbiest oil lot ever seen."

"Was good enough for mother."

Mrs. Robert Thompson disdained to make  
comment.

"You'd not have thought of this but for  
the sewing circle having to come here. If  
they can't come and eat from such dishes  
as we've got, they are welcome to stay away."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's  
eyes, but she crowded them bravely back.  
He took his hat to go out to his mowing.

"We really want the things, Robert.  
Those at Grover's store are very cheap. I  
can get all I want for a mere trifle. Do  
give me the money."

"Grover! I have to keep 'em for all; I've  
got no money to waste on fine china," re-  
turned the farmer. "By the way," looking  
back from the door, "Jones and Lee are  
coming to give me a helping hand. I want  
to get the south meadow to-day if I  
can; it's a famous crop; so I shall bring  
them in to dinner. Oh, and the Hubbards  
want six pounds of butter to-night; don't  
forget to have it ready."

With these words Mr. Robert Thompson  
had marched off, leaving his wife to her  
long, weary day's work, darkened and made  
distasteful by her disappointment. She was  
both grieved and angry. It was a little  
thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of  
life that delight or annoy.

Existence seemed very bare and homely  
to Jane Thompson that summer day. With  
her love of ease and beauty and symmetry,  
how rude and coarse and hard looked all her  
surroundings. It was only one long monotonous  
round of homely toil, unrelieved by  
any of the little sweetenings and graces that  
might make even toil pleasant. She did  
not often think of it, but she remembered  
that day with the faintest little air of regret,  
that she might have been differently situated,  
and as she looked up to the pretty  
French cottage on the hill, embowered in a  
perfect forest of blossoming vines, caught  
the cool gleam of urn and fountain, some-  
thing like a sigh trembled on her lips.

"Squire Burnham's wife does not have to  
beg for a paltry bit of money to set out her  
table decently," she thought, rebelliously.

What business had she to marry Robert  
Thompson, she asked herself, her slender  
wrist beating away at the butter for the  
Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy  
light in which Mrs. Thompson looked at  
things to-day, she quite forgot the fact that  
she had fallen in love with the honest,  
steady, and good looking young farmer,  
choosing him in preference to Joe Burnham,  
whom she might have had. Joe had a patri-  
mony of his own—\$200 a year at least—and  
a good bit of land, which he rented, and  
was called "Squire," as his father had been  
before him. He wanted to marry Jane  
Lawrence, and she would not; likes and  
dislikes can not be controlled, and she cared  
more for Robert Thompson's little finger  
than for the whole of poor, undersized Joe.  
Squire Burnham found another wife, and  
Mrs. Thompson, this weary day, was furiously  
envying her. Mrs. Burnham would come  
amidst the rest of the sewing club,  
too, and see the miserable shabbiness of the  
mulberry ware, and the home generally.  
The unfinished butter got beaten savagely  
at the thought.

Robert Thompson was not an unkind  
man, only thoughtless. He was a type of  
a very large class, more especially farmers,  
who do not feel the need of life's rugged  
pathway being smoothed with flowers.

Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his  
money-getting, he did not realize how  
monotonous was his wife's life at home.

He had his recreations, the weekly market;  
gossip with his brother farmers; politics;  
She had nothing but work and care. He  
did not realize the truth that she needed,  
some brightening to come to as a year-  
ning want of life, and so, as the years had  
gone on, she grew dissatisfied at heart, hard-  
ly understanding what she wished for or  
what she did not wish: the intensely un-  
lovely, prosy, dull life somewhat souring her  
spirits. Now and again, when she gave  
back a short or bitter retort, Robert won-  
dered; she used to be so sweet-tempered.

All through the long forenoon Mrs.  
Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was

selfish and unreasonable, and she did not  
care who knew it. She would not have the  
sewing club at the farm, come what might.  
The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of  
beef was simmering on the fire. Before 12  
o'clock had struck she saw her husband and  
his two friends coming through the orchard,  
with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson  
always wanted his dinner boiling hot, and  
she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool  
room of the kitchen. Frank and Charlie,  
her two boys, came rushing in from school,  
each striving to claim her attention. She  
was tired, heated and very cross.

"Why isn't dinner ready?" demanded  
Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the  
table when he entered. "I told you we  
had no time to waste to-day," he added  
angrily, in his anger and hunger. "If I  
hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but  
to get dinner I'd have it ready in time, I  
know."

A bitter retort was springing to her lips,  
but ere it could be spoken Charlie clamorously  
interposed, pushing his new copy-book  
before her eyes.

"Look, mother! I am going into sen-  
tences now, like Frank. It's my first copy.  
The master wrote it; and he said I was to  
get it by heart, too, and always remember it.  
Do read it, mother."

Mrs. Thompson, her arms full of the  
cracked mulberry plates, paused a moment  
to let her eyes fall on the new copy. "A  
soft answer turneth away wrath," was what  
she read. It was not that the proverb was  
new; she had read it scores of times; but  
there was something in its appropriateness  
to the present moment that felt like a cool,  
sweet wind on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert,"

she said, quietly.

Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently  
he had not expected so pleasant a  
reply. If the truth must be told, he had  
thought a good bit that morning about the  
white ware. Not in the way of granting it,  
but that she would probably be sulky over  
it when they got in to dinner.

"It doesn't feel here as it does in that  
blazing meadow," he remarked to his  
friends, as they went into the cool north  
room to dinner. "Folks that can keep  
indoors this weather have an easy time of it;  
they don't know what heat is."

Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this  
was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet  
enough for any amount of heat. As to sit-  
ting down with them, she had enough to  
do to wait on the party. It was wash-  
ing-day, and Mollie must not be called.

"This butter must have been kept in the  
kitchen; it's like oil," said Mr. Thompson.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came  
in; I will go down and get you some more,  
if you think I had better," was the reply,  
given pleasantly.

"Never mind. Well, I declare! Do you  
call this meat boiled?" went on Mr. Thomp-  
son, as he began to carve. "It's harder than  
a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty  
fresh this weather, it needn't be like this."

"I've tried to make it nice, Robert," she  
said, striving to choke down a rising sob as  
well as an angry word.

Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the  
tone, looked at his wife; his friends looked  
at one another. She sat down at length,  
but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished  
his meal in silence.

He was watching his wife's face; there  
was something in it that he did not under-  
stand—a kind of patient, hopeless look, as  
if she cared no longer to struggle onward.  
The old mulberry ware did look dingy on  
the snowy white tablecloth, almost too bad  
for these chums of his to sit down to. He  
wondered he had never thought of that be-  
fore. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they  
were going out again—now hot and stifling  
it felt with that big fire, as bad as the south  
meadow. His wife had been in it cooking,  
that must have made her face scarlet.

In doors was not so comfortable a place after  
all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea  
that flitted through his mind. And perhaps  
the work was overmuch for his wife, who at  
best was but a delicate woman.

A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from  
the south, as he went out, walking slowly,  
but the sun was burning hot still. Robert  
Thompson waited to wipe his brows; and  
in that moment the voices of his comrades  
came toward him from the other side of the  
hedge, where they stood in the little shade  
it cast.

"I never pitied a woman so much in my  
life," quoth one of them. "She works like  
a slave, and does not get even a 'thank ye'  
for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow,  
but uncommon down upon the work. Strong  
as a horse, he thinks, I suppose, women  
must be the same."

"Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but  
Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she  
said yes to his asking," said the other.

"Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's  
wife, especially one who keeps his folks to  
it like Thompson does. She's over sensi-  
tive—delicate; any lady but she would have  
turned long ago and bid him give her proper  
help; she'd run down fast. A better change  
she; she looks as faded as the old house  
rooms; and they haven't seen a coat of  
paint since Grandfather Thompson's day."

"Ah, she'd better have took Joe Burn-  
ham. The Lawrences used to have things  
nice in their home, and she'd have got 'em  
so still if she'd married Joe. His wife's  
just gone out in her pony shay. I say,  
Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's  
ever sorry?"

Was she? The unconscious comments of  
these warm friends, came crushing down  
upon Robert Thompson's heart and  
brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejoiced  
burnham for him he knew, when she came  
home to the old homestead and took care of  
his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done  
it, too. Could she be wearing out her life  
in hard work for him; she, the mother of his  
boys; she whom he loved well, for all his  
churlishness? Robert Thompson stole away;  
he could bear his thoughts no longer, and he  
felt that he could almost kill himself for his  
blind heedlessness.

The afternoon wore on toward evening.  
Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor  
work—the washing up of the dinner dishes  
and the putting of the rooms straight—and  
was going in with an array of fine things  
she had taken from the clothes-line, when  
the sound of wheels made her look round.

"I've brought that white ware, Mrs.

Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover,  
springing from his cart and lifting down  
carefully a large hamper.

"But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she  
rejoined, in rather a frightened voice.

"The master did, though. Mr. Thomp-  
son came down this afternoon and said the  
things was to come up to you at once.  
There's the dinner set you admired and a  
tea set as well. Where shall I put 'em?"

"Bring them in, please," she answered,  
rather faintly. He did as he was bid and  
then drove off.

Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper  
of crockery and cried as if her heart would  
break. They were magical tears, too, for  
they washed all the weariness and despair  
from her face and the shade from her eyes  
and heart. She forgot that she was tired  
or that the day was hot; she only thought  
how kind Robert was, and what a  
wicked woman she had been for saying to  
herself in her temper that she'd rather have  
had Squire Burnham. Then she unpacked  
the treasures, pulling them out from amid  
the hay, and singing softly all the while.  
Oh, it was beautiful, that ware! With its  
clear opaque white, and here and there its  
delicate tracing of fuchsias or convolvulus.

Mr. Thompson came in and found her in  
the midst. "What is it, Jennie?" he asked.

—the old fond name he used to call her.

"Oh, Robert!" taking a step toward him.

He opened his arms and drew her close to  
his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly  
as he ever had in the days of his courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whis-  
pered, huskily. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? Oh, Robert! I never  
was so happy in my life! I have been to  
blame. I have not been so patient and kind  
as I might."

"Yes, you have. You've been an angel  
compared with me; but that is all over now.  
I did not think, Jennie; I did not, indeed."

"But—Robert—"

"You shall have more help in the house—  
another servant. We'll get her in, Jennie,  
long before the sewing club night comes  
round."

"Oh, Robert, how kind you are! I feel  
as light as a bird."

"And you are, almost," he answered,  
smiling a little sadly as he looked into her  
eyes. "We'll all turn over a new leaf, Jane.  
Heaven knows I did not mean to be cruel."

"Robert, you were never that."

"Well—we'll let it be; bygones shall be  
bygones, if you will. Oh, and I forgot to  
say that I saw Leeds this afternoon. It's a  
very dull time just now, the poor fellow  
says, without a job on hand; so I thought  
I'd give him one. They'll be here to begin  
to-morrow morning."

"You are—not going to leave the house  
done up?" she exclaimed, in wild surprise.

"Every square inch of it. And, once the  
painting and that's finished, we'll see what  
else we can do to make it look a little bit  
brighter."

She hardly believed it; she burst into  
tears.

"And I have been so wicked!" she cried.

"Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts,  
Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I  
was feeling angry with everybody. It was  
the discouragement, Robert."

"Yes, it was the discouragement," he  
said, quoth humbly. "We will do better  
for the future, Jane; I'll try another plan."

She cried silently for a minute longer;  
soft, happy tears; feeling that light had  
superceded darkness.

"And that has all risen from me trying to  
carry out for a bit that blessed proverb, 'A  
soft answer turneth away wrath'?" she  
murmured. "Robert, did you ever before  
see such lovely white ware?"

## Women Gamblers.

Do you see that little, white-haired woman  
at the trente-et-quarante table, with  
piles of gold and bank notes scattered  
around her in such confusion that you wonder  
how she knows which are hers and which  
her neighbors? She wears the biggest  
diamonds in the room and plays the most  
recklessly, undaunted by evil eyes or any  
other eyes. She is a Duchess, who last year  
lost 17,000 francs in one night. This year  
she will lose as much or more and next year  
she may again, and keep coming as long as  
she has any money left or can borrow any  
of her friends.

That lady at the table near the centre of  
the room, at whom the croupiers look dis-  
approvingly, as if afraid she will "break the  
bank," must now have a pile of hangerman's  
ropes around her neck, although it is said  
that last year she lost \$8,000; but she is  
rich, and it does not matter so much to her  
as to the girl beyond, who risks her all and  
loses, and then with a look sad to see upon  
so young a face searches vainly in her purse  
for another five-franc piece with which to  
try it again. Will she learn wisdom from  
her defeat to-day? Not at all. She has  
tasted the poison which is working like  
madness in her brain, and if she cannot  
jelly or jewelry she will pawn some of her  
jewelry or dresses and come again to-morrow,  
hoping to do better than to-day. Were she  
a man she might at last, when irretrievably  
ruined, possibly kill herself. But she is a  
woman, and as such holds her life more  
sacred. Down at the end of the table is a  
woman, so old or blind, or both, that she does  
not know when she has lost or won, and has  
to be prompted by her friend, who tells her  
where to put her money, and when to take  
it up. Pitiable spectacle of womanhood,  
with bleared eyes and shaking hands, which  
scarce can hold the gold she is squandering  
so wantonly!

But to me she is not so pitiable as that fair  
young English girl whom I have watched  
for a week, and by whom I stood when she  
made her first venture with a five-franc  
piece and lost! But there were more in her  
purse, and with the exclamation, "I must  
win!" she put them down one after another  
until she struck a fortunate number and got  
back all she had lost, while I could not help  
thinking that it would have been far better  
for her if every drop of the ball had fallen  
against her. She was so pretty and sweet  
to look at, and apparently so fresh and in-  
nocent, that I felt irresistibly drawn toward  
her, and watched day after day as she be-  
came more and more accustomed to the  
place, and, alas, more accustomed to the  
unhealthy moral atmosphere she was breath-  
ing. It seemed to take the freshness from  
her face, which became flushed and red with  
excitement, while her eyes lost their shy,

modest look, and met the eyes of those  
around unhesitatingly. How I pined her,  
for I knew that no girl could sit at a gam-  
bling table, side by side and shoulder to  
shoulder with some of the worst men and  
women in the world and leave the place as  
pure as she entered.

Beside her was her mother, with a face  
more like a Madonna than a gambler at  
Monte Carlo. And there they were, day  
after day, and night after night, losing and  
winning, winning and losing, and when  
Sunday came, there was not in church a  
more devoted worshipper than that young  
girl whom for days, 12 o'clock in the morning  
and 11 o'clock at night, had found at the  
gaming table, and, saddest of all, I heard  
she was there again on Sunday afternoon,  
almost before the prayer she had said in  
the morning had died on her lips. At Monte  
Carlo there is no Sunday so far as the Casino  
is concerned. The concerts, which are free,  
and the play go on as usual. The trains  
come loaded from Nice and Mentone, and  
the tables are just as crowded with anxious,  
feverish, excited people as if there were no  
God and no commandment to keep His  
Sabbath holy.—*Springfield Republican.*

## The Heiress.

In the mind of every one, however intel-  
ligent, lurks the mandragora-root of some  
infirm prejudice. And among prejudices few  
are more infirm yet more enduring than one  
created a few years after the beginning of  
the present era by a paradoxist named Juve-  
nal. In the bath, in the circus, in the  
forum, in brief wheresoever a listener could  
be found, this gentleman was accustomed to  
declare that a rich woman was a nuisance  
and a pest. If the Roman was right, then  
extraordinary it is that the pest which he  
denounced is not more contagious. In pro-  
portion to the population rich women are  
few, and they belong, as a rule, to that class  
which the directory describes as "wid." Against  
the relief of a dear departed the pre-  
judice alluded to may, for all of the pre-  
sent writer, continue to endure to the  
end of time, but as to her daughter, the  
heiress, *ho! messieurs, changez bas.*

The heiress may be divided into two dis-  
tinct types—the heiress as she is imagined  
and the heiress as she is.

The heiress as she is, is pretty even when  
she is plain, and when a plain heiress is  
pretty she is the prettiest girl in the world.

The eyes of her cheek-book are bluer, deeper,  
or more alluring even than those of Ros-  
setti's "Blessed Damsel"—they draw on  
sight. However dark her hair may be, the  
gleam of gold is in it. Her voice has notes  
that are never protested. Her taste is so  
artistic that with a pen-stroke she can  
charm. And such is her wealth that she can  
afford to do what no other woman is per-  
mitted—she can wear last season's bon-  
net.

As she walks abroad she differs singularly  
from the heiress of the imagination. That  
lady is the prey of adventures, from whose  
enterprises, after a succession of thrilling  
escapades, she is ultimately and happily  
rescued. The real heiress may marry a  
title or brand St. Catharine's tresses, but in  
either event her existence is as humdrum as  
our own. The young person with whom  
fiction has made us familiar is love-sick as a  
guitar, the other too sensible not to know  
when she is stupid.

Men die because they cannot help it, women  
marry for the same reason. When the  
heiress first hears the march of Lohengrin  
in her dreams, her people do their best to  
drown the music. To their thinking the  
evocator of the march alluded to is an in-  
dividual who has made up his mind that the  
easiest way to make money is to marry it.  
In this they may be wrong or right, but the  
validity of their opinion does not constitute  
one of those impediments to matrimony  
which are recognized by church, society, or  
heiresses either. It is with the man that  
the difficulty lies.

In spite of the old French adage that a  
gentleman can always accept money from  
his king and from his lady-love, men, in the  
absence of a tangible *quid pro quo* of their  
own, are nowadays extremely unwilling to  
receive from a sweetheart anything save her  
own fair hand. Love, we know, prefers  
contrasts to similitudes, but when the con-  
trast is between a big bank account and a  
small one, it is unpalatable as red wine in a  
green glass. Few there are that can drain  
it without a qualm. On the stage the in-  
digent hero prefers death. He goes off to  
battle and returns in the next act. Death  
he had indeed encountered, but it is the  
death of that opportune uncle which the rest  
of us never possess. It is all very pretty  
and affecting, but the heiress in real life  
knows a trick worth two of that. She tells  
her lover that she is ruined, that a trustee  
has taken her dower, the Montreal express  
as well, and behold he is on his knees at  
once. In that position it is easy enough to  
have the bans proclaimed; the vanished gold  
returns of itself, there is a scene, there are  
upbraidings, tears even, but finally forgive-  
ness and two hearts that beat as one.

This little stratagem is, parenthetically,  
one that has done good service in testing a  
lover's singleness of purpose. If, during  
the trial, he holds himself as one who truly  
loves, he should do so, then indeed may a  
suspicious maiden lay: every doubt behind.  
But speaking generally, an artifice of this  
kind is unnecessary. Some of our young  
men may live on a dollar a day and dream  
of a million, but they are not fortune-hun-  
ters by profession; and as for the young wo-  
men, every traveler who touches our shore  
tells us they are the most enchanting that  
exist. As a matter of fact, we are only too  
anxious to marry them. If they happen to  
have money, well and good. It is an ap-  
panage, perhaps, but never a bait.

The heiress is aware of all this, and car-  
ries herself accordingly. Her opportunities  
of picking and choosing are of the best and  
—considered as a class, she is not in the  
hurry to get married that the unobscured  
give her credit for being. In this she differs  
from the average girl, and in another par-  
ticular as well—as she is her own mistress,  
she need deny herself nothing, and yet  
through a constitutional peculiarity no one  
is less extravagant than she. Being used  
to money, she knows its value, and she  
knows, too, that the unalloyed luxury that  
money can give is in giving that money  
away. La Rochefoucauld took pleasure in  
saying that we are all strong enough to bear  
the misfortune of others. But

## YES, SHE DID.

She went round and asked subscriptions for the healthful black Egyptians and the poor souls of Alaska, so she did.

For the tribes round Athabaska, and the men of Madagascar, and the poor souls of Alaska, so she did.

She longed, she said, to buy a little cake and jam and pie for the anthropophagi, so she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian.

## A FAIR IMPOSTOR.

"Please, sir, can you tell me where Mrs. Conkey lives? It's somewhere on Sixth Avenue, I know, and I had the number written down on a card in my bag, but it has somehow got misplaced, and I don't know where to go."

Now, his Satanic Majesty is not altogether so black as he is painted. According to the reports, a pretty, fresh-cheeked girl from the country, wrapped, most evidently, in the robes of inexperience, who could ask such a question as this in the crowded haunts of the Grand Central Station would assuredly come to grief. But Bessie Falkner, standing there with her travelling bag in her hand, and her innocent face turned inquiringly upward, was neither a girl from the country, nor a mysterious figure in the shadow of one of the iron pillars, nor inviolate out into the snow-flecked darkness of the winter night by any possible villain with a tube-rope in his button-hole. On the contrary, the big, fatherly-looking policeman whom she had addressed, looked at her with earnest interest.

"Conkey!" he repeated. "Conkey! Why, we've a clerk in the office up stairs by that name. Do you suppose it's the same one?"

Bessie's eyes brightened. "Yes," she said. "But I did not know he was here."

"He's only been here a month or so," explained the policeman. "Wait a minute, miss. Sit down—there's a vacant seat just by this little girl, and I'll send a porter up for Mr. Conkey at once."

Bessie sat down with a sigh of relief. She was only tired, for besides that three hours of railway travelling, she had ridden five previous miles in a country lumber-wagon, and it was the first time she had ever been away from home. And presently a tall, fine-looking young man with a pallid complexion that betokens a mostly in-door life came up to her.

"I am Charles Conkey," said he. "Who wants me?"

Bessie Falkner rose up, blushing. She never had seen this cousin of hers, whose sister had spent all summer at Cherry Hill, but she doubted not that he would at once recognize her appearance.

"Marian has told him all about me, of course," she thought. But when he regarded her with an unrecognizing stare, she said, coloring redder than before:

"I am Bessie!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, his face brightening suddenly. "Betty, eh? I'm glad you've come. My mother will be pleased to see you. But any trunk?"

"Here's my check," whispered Bessie, looking courage to correct him in his palpable mispronunciation of her name—and in a minute it was handed to an expressman, and she was seated beside her cousin in a car.

How strange it all was—the lights, the people, the crowded vehicles, all that eager current of life eddying around her! She shut her eyes and tried to fancy how the old farm house at home looked, with the dark woods circling around it, and the snow drifted high upon the door-step, but she could not. A homesick feeling surged over her heart—the tears rose to her eyes.

"Why don't he say something to me?" she thought. "Oh, he's going to speak now."

"We thought you would have been here before," observed Mr. Conkey, suddenly breaking the silence.

"I couldn't come until this week," murmured Bessie.

"Well I hope you'll be contented now," said Mr. Conkey, rather sharply.

Bessie did not know what to say, so she said nothing—but she felt more than ever like crying.

On their road, past glittering blocks of light, through streets whose strange appearance made a moving phantasmagoria before Bessie's tired eyes, until at last her cousin told her that they were there, and a walk of two or three minutes brought them to a little, two-story brick house, with iron railings behind the stone steps, and lights gleaming behind the drawn shades. A little woman carrying a lamp came to the door with an expectant face.

"Well, mother, I've brought her!" said Charles Conkey, exultantly.

"Brought who?" asked the little woman.

"Why, Betty, to be sure," said the young man. "This is my mother, Betty. I hope that you will do all that you can to please her. I'm sure she'll treat you kindly if you deserve it."

Bessie looked timidly up. Surely Cousin Conkey would kiss her—would say that she was welcome. But she did not—she merely held the lamp close to Bessie's face and surveyed her as if she had been a wooden dummy in a shop window.

"You look small and slight," said she. "I hope you're strong."

"I—I think so," said Bessie, with a quiver in her voice.

"Well, come in," sighed Mrs. Conkey, "and I'll show you to your room. Here's the kitchen—I think you'll find it a cheerful place, and we've all the modern conveniences. But don't stop here. Your room is in the upper story. Come down as soon as you've taken off your things," she added, as she accompanied Bessie to the dreary-looking little den at the top of the house, where there was a cot bedstead, and a solitary dormer window draped with Turkey-red calico, and then she left her visitor with small ceremony.

Bessie sat down on the edge of the bed and burst into tears.

"She didn't kiss me," she thought. "She didn't tell me that she was glad to see me! And where is Marian? Oh, I wish I had never come here—I wish I had stayed at Cherry Hill!"

But as she sat there sobbing noiselessly into her pocket-handkerchief, she heard

Charles Conkey's deep masculine voice below, saying:

"Here's a scuttle of coal, mother—you've let your fire get pretty low, haven't you?"

"Oh, Charles, why did you bring it?" lamented the old lady. "Why didn't you wait until the new girl came down stairs?"

"She looks tired, mother—I presume the journey has fatigued her," was the reply.

"I'm afraid she won't suit," said Mrs. Conkey, mournfully. "I thought the people at the Protective Bureau said she was stout and healthy?"

"Don't condemn her without a trial," said Mrs. Conkey. "Marian could have instructed her about the work so much better than I can."

Bessie listened to these words with kindling eyes and cheeks that burned like fire.

"It's all a mistake," she thought. "Such as one reads of in stories! They take me for some servant girl who has been sent to them! Me, Bessie Falkner! Well—let the thing go on! If Marian is not at home there is no one to undeceive them. Let us see how I can manage to fill the situation!"

And Bessie, who had a shrewd sense of the humorous, smiled through her tears, and made haste to come down stairs.

"There's some oysters for tea, Betty," said Mrs. Conkey, in the plaintive tone that seemed habitual to her. "We're expecting a cousin from the country by the eight o'clock train, and we won't cook 'em until she comes. She'll be cold and tired, poor dear, and need something hot."

And then Bessie remembered how she had congratulated herself on her own good luck in catching a train that was express, and reached New York two hours before the one upon which she had originally decided to travel.

"I hope you can cook," said Mrs. Conkey.

"Oh, I'm a capital cook," asserted Bessie. "Shall I make you some hot biscuit for tea? Or would you like a salad made out of this cold chicken? or a dish of scalloped oysters? Will you have tea or coffee? If you prefer I can make excellent chocolate."

Mrs. Conkey and her son exchanged gratified glances, as Bessie bustled cheerily around.

"I think she'll suit," said Mrs. Conkey. "I'm certain of it," nodded Charles, as he put on his hat and overcoat to return to the station. "And I'm glad, mother, that I had a chance to bring her home, and set her going about the housework before the little Cherry Hill cousin came."

In a short time, however, he came back disappointed. The train was in—and Cousin Falkner's daughter had not come.

"Just like a woman," said Charles, with a long-drawn sigh. "Missed the train, of course! Well, there's no use expecting her before to-morrow, now. We must eat the scalloped oysters and salad ourselves to-night."

And they did so, Bessie waiting on them with the utmost gravity and decorum.

"Very inconsiderate of this girl," said Mrs. Conkey.

"Oh, I don't think it's her fault," pleaded Charles. "You know Marian said she was such a sweet little thing. Any one is liable to miss a train."

"I almost hope she won't come now," said Mrs. Conkey.

Bessie dropped the tray here, and after she had stooped to recover it, her face was redder than a carnation pink.

"My dear little mother, why?"

"Because—because Marian is sure that you will fall in love with her—and she is so set on the idea, and I don't want any fine lady daughter-in-law," almost sobbed Mrs. Conkey.

"How do you know that she is a fine lady?" questioned Charles.

"Because Marian says she plays on the zither and paints panels and makes antique lace on a pillow, and—"

"That would only argue that she's accomplished."

"But I want some one who won't be above helping me about the housework—who will be really a companion to me," persisted Mrs. Conkey.

"Don't fret, mother," laughed the young man. "If I really marry this Cherry Hill cousin, and it's more than likely, you know, that she would not accept me, even if I went on my knees to her—I'll promise to hire some one to do the housework for both of you."

Bessie fled into the kitchen here, on pretence of looking for some more blanchet—but at the same moment there was a sound on front door-step, as if something heavy was being "lugged" over and over. It was the expressman.

"It's the new girl's trunk!" said Mrs. Conkey. "Do go out, Charles, and see after it."

And presently they heard an exclamation of words and arguments in the hall.

"Hallo!" shouted Charles. "There is the trunk from Cherry Hill, with Bessie Falkner's name on it!"

"The trunk!" echoed Mrs. Conkey. "Then where is the girl herself? Oh, Charles, I'm afraid something has happened to her!"

But at this stage of affairs Bessie herself came forth to disentangle the riddle.

"Nothing has happened," said she, with downcast eyes. "It is my trunk. I am Bessie Falkner, from Cherry Hill!"

"But you said you were Betty Nolan, the new girl!" almost screamed Mrs. Conkey.

"I beg your pardon," gently protested Bessie, "you said so—not I. You took it for granted from the very first that I was Betty, and I had not the courage to contradict you. Do not look so appalled, Cousin Charles," (with a mischievous smile). "I am not going to lay siege to your heart. And I'll help you all you like with the housework, Mrs. Conkey, if I do paint plaques and play on the zither! Were not my biscuits good? And didn't you have a second helping of the scalloped oysters?"

Mrs. Conkey kissed Bessie cordially, and confessed herself outgeneraled. As for Cousin Charles, he kissed her too.

"Am I not your cousin also?" he pleaded.

The new girl arrived that same night—a stolid, stupid young woman, who was discharged at the end of the first week.

"We don't need any one but Bessie," said Mrs. Conkey.

And it is extremely doubtful whether the little country cousin will ever be allowed to return home. Mrs. Conkey loves her, and Charles hopes one day to call her his wife; while Marian, who is now at home, declares that she has always foreseen this state of affairs.

"For," says Marian, "she is the dearest little thing!"

## EXTRAORDINARY LICENSE.

"It seems to me," remarked one of our citizens the other day, "that physicians are allowed extraordinary license in the manner in which they juggle with the welfare of their patients."

"Now here is Dr. — who was attending Mr. — up to the time of his death, and if he treated him for one thing he treated him for a dozen different disorders. First the doctor said pneumonia was the trouble; then it was consumption. Then the patient was dosed for heart trouble, and so on until just before he died it was ascertained that disease of the kidneys was the real trouble, and that which had been at first treated as pneumonia, consumption, heart disease, etc., were but the symptoms of kidney disease."

"But then it was too late."

"This is only one case in a hundred, and I am beginning to lose faith in the doctors altogether. In fact I haven't had any need for their services since I began to keep Warner's Safe Cure in my house, a little over three years ago. Whenever I feel a little out of sorts I take a few doses of it, confident that the source of all disease is in the kidneys, which I know Warner's Safe Cure will keep in good order, and will eradicate any disease that may be lurking there. Had Mr. — followed a similar course, I have no doubt that he would be alive to-day; but of course all men don't think alike."

"One thing is certain, however, and that is the doctors are allowed a little too much freedom in the way they have of pretending to know that which they really know nothing about. If they don't know what is the real trouble with the patient, they should admit it and not go on and experiment at the cost of the patient's life."

## Moving a Hole.

Before the plaza that is in the midst of the town of Lagos was set in order as it now is there was in the middle of it a deep and wide hole. And this hole caused the Town Council (Ayuntamiento) much concern, for they perceived that it was a dangerous place, into which the unwary might fall in the dark and be killed or maimed. So a meeting of the council was called, and it was decided that the hole should be filled. And to get earth to fill it a hole was dug beside it. And behold, when it was full there was a new hole as deep and as wide as that which was filled. Then in the same way they set about filling the new hole, and again with the same result, only now the hole no longer was in the middle of the plaza, but over at the side of it in the street that goes out toward the north. And again they filled it, and so continued until at last the hole was far out in the northern suburbs of the town. And they suffered the hole to remain, for there it did no harm.—*Scraper's Magazine for March.*

## LONGFELLOW IN BRONZE.

A Statue of America's Great Poet in the Town of His Birth.

There were excellent reasons, says *Leitner*, for erecting at Portland, Me., a statue of Longfellow. It was there that he was born, there that the first drift of his years of his life were passed, there that he found his first wife, and it is there that the houses in which he dwelt still exist for the literary pilgrim to search out. The more ancient of these houses is the one in which Longfellow and his wife lived, and it is still in a creditable state of preservation. It is a large, square, three-story structure of wood in a frequented quarter of the town, and gives shelter to several families of the poorer class.

The statue in question is composed of bronze. It is the work of Franklin Simmons, the American sculptor, and a native of Maine, whose studio for some years has been in Rome, and many of whose works are already treasured in this country by public as well as by private owners. The pedestal which supports the statue is the work of Richard M. Hunt, the architect. It is of granite, and stands ten feet in height. Another memorial of Longfellow, which this one will recall to mind, is the bust that was set up in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, soon after his death—an honor to an American which spoke with singular force for the fame and popularity he had acquired.

It has been asserted that the character of Portland had a considerable influence on the mind and temperament of Longfellow. Four sons, including the poet, and four daughters, comprised the children of his parents. It was a singularly happy home, and the society of Portland was charmingly simple, kindly and free. All the virtues of a New England town were there seen at their best. No more wholesome or more beautiful site could have been chosen for a settlement.

A stranger never went there without being delighted with its picturesque and curious hills, its views of distant mountains and its island-studded harbor. In his father's library the boy had access to the best works in English literature, and he read them with profit and delight. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Irving. The "Sketch-Book" he afterward called his "first book," and it must have been one of the powerful influences that fixed his own literary taste. He was a school-boy in Portland when the various "parts" of the work came out, and long years afterward described himself as having been a "spell-bound by his pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie." The charm still remained unbroken, he added, and whenever he opened the book he also opened "that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth"—that is, to the days he passed in Portland. When Longfellow first went away from Portland it was to become a student at Bowdoin College, and to have for a school-mate there one whose fame was destined to spread like his to the four corners of the world, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

## How to Prevent "Balling."

The Live Stock Journal gives an account of a contrivance adopted by Colonel A. Thompson for the protection of horses' feet from snow, from which medical men have taken a hint—many of them finding it difficult to get through their work, owing to the delay caused by the insecure footing afforded for the horses. Colonel Thompson takes a sheet of gutta-percha about a quarter of an inch thick, cuts out a set of plates larger than the hoof inside the shoe, softens them in hot water and molds them inside the shoe over the frog so that a lace of gutta-percha touches the ice and snow, and "bailing" with snow is impossible. The plates remain until the end of bad weather.

## Adjustable Engagement Rings.

"An adjustable engagement ring" is one of the latest novelties; butches, what kind of an engagement is an adjustable engagement, any way? The ring, however, will fill a long-felt want, for it is made so as to fit any finger. The young man who has a ring of this kind returned to him with the solemn verdict, "We never can be more than friends," etc., will not be obliged to use it as a watch chain, but can place it one side for future bestowal elsewhere.

## VARIETIES.

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE.—"In the case of my unfortunate client, gentlemen," said the eloquent attorney for the defense in a murder case, "it is for you to draw the line between murderous rage and emotional insanity."

And the jury rendered the verdict that they thought the safest place to draw it was between the head and the shoulders.

AN Augusta store (genial and jocular proprietor)—Kater lady—"Is Mr. A—in?" "He is not, madam." "Do you know when he will be in?" "I do not." "Will I find him at his house if I call there?" "Do you take this for an intelligence office, madam?" asked the proprietor. "Not after I look at your face, sir, and the door slammed after a willowy feminine form."

HARRY (horrified at seeing Kate puffing at a cigarette)—Mercy! Do you smoke, Kate? Kate—Not because I enjoy it, Harry. I want to fill the rooms with smoke, so that, should a burglar break in, he'll think there's a man in the house.

Harry—Well, you're only losing your time and soiling your lips. A man never smokes cigarettes—leastwise no man that a burglar need be afraid of.

LOGICAL REASONS.—Mother—Tell me the truth and I will not punish you. Did you take the cake?

Son—Yes, ma.

Mother—But you told me that you did not. Son—That was before you promised not to whip me.

Mother—Well, I am going to whip you, anyway, for telling a lie.

Son—Then you will lie too, and had better whip yourself first.

"Five cents worth of peanuts, Mrs. O'Grady," said Snapem, Jr.

"There they are, my boy, fresh roasted."

"Do they have peanuts in Ireland, Mrs. O'Grady?"

"Elegant wans, bigger nor my thumb."

"Do peanuts grow in Ireland?"

"Faix an they do. The lord that lived content to me fayther's house had a big grove of peanut trees, an' the grounds under them trees was covered with peanuts from wan year's end to the other."

"WHAT was the worst experience you ever underwent, colonel?"

"The worst? Well, it occurred years ago when I was a young man. I was a sailor then, and the vessel on which I was working was wrecked. A barrel full of whiskey was floating about and I clung to it, drifting in the icy water for a day and a night."

"That was horrible."

"Horrible! No name for it. I couldn't keep the darned barrel in one position long enough to open it."

HER REAL WORTH.—"Oh, Gawge," she sighed, as she turned her radiant face to his; "tell me darling, tell me, do you love me for my money, or for what I am really worth?"

"Why, sweet," he fondly replied, drawing her very near to him, "for what you are really worth, of course."

"By the way," asked Gawge, and he playfully fondled her diamond earrings, "ah—what are you really worth?"

A VERY little girl in the infant class of one of our city Sunday schools came home one Sunday and told her mother that the teacher had taught them a new song. On expressing a wish to hear it, the mother was much astonished at the following sentence, which was all the child could remember: "I'm a little greenhorn among a half a cheese."

The words which had been misunderstood by the child were these: "I'm a little greener among the harvest sheaves."

A TEACHER in one of the city schools requires her pupils to write sentences containing the words in the lessons. These sentences are sometimes very funny. Here are two: One of the words in the lesson was "urchin." A little fellow who would evidently rather stay at home and play than go to school, wrote: "The father is urchin his boy to school."

The following more subtle: The word was "pacific," and the sentence written was: "The author pacifies the poem." "Why, what do you think 'pacific' means?" asked the teacher. "The dictionary says it means 'composure.'"

OLD Mrs. Bentley—Josiah, there comes a shabby-looking old man with a bundle on his back, and I think we ought to do something for him. Old Mr. Bentley—I'm willing, Marrier. Old Mrs. Bentley—I like you, old man if you will come into the house I may be able to find some decent clothing for you. Old Mr. Bentley—Thank you, ma'am. Old Mrs. Bentley (in the house)—Now, there's a lot of cast-off clothing that my husband don't want. Old Mr. Bentley (examining the lot very carefully)—Well, I'll give you three dollars for the lot, and so help me, not one cent more. Old Mrs. Bentley—But, sir, I want to give you the clothing. Old Mr. Bentley (looks over the lot again very carefully)—Well, I tell you vot I do, I take 'em.

SEVERAL years ago Judge K., of Western Pennsylvania, was making a speech one evening, during a warm political campaign, in the West End, Pittsburgh, to the glory workers. The genial Judge was away off in the clouds in a flight of eloquence and said: "Oh that there was a window o'er my heart that you might see for yourselves the truth of my utterances."

A voice from the crowd of enraptured listeners, a small boy's voice and evidently a worker in a window-class factory, shouted: "Wouldn't a pane in the stomach door?"

The Judge was broken up, in fact, as shattered as if a stone had struck the "window o'er his heart." He told the story himself with great good humor.

THERE is a little newsboy who sells the *Mail* on Washington Street, not far from this office, for whom I predict a great future. He is only about ten years old, but in point of shrewdness he far exceeds many of his older comrades. He supplies the clerks in the circulating department with newspapers which he claims are original and "fresh from the shop." To day the delivery was small, but the quality was very good. He said:

"What is de capital of Canada?"

The clerk wasn't sure, but thought it was Ottawa.

"No, sir," replied the lad, "it's de boudle de American cashier takes dose each year."—*Chicago Mail.*

He stood at the end of his bar, with a futuristic eye on the luncheon counter, while a stranger sampled the dishes. At length this customer, with kindly intent, dropped a piece of meat-mystery into the open mouth of a dog that trotted up to him.

"Stop!" yelled the saloon-keeper, and he dashed at the brute quickly enough to get the meat out of his mouth. "For heaven's sake don't do that."

"You're so free with the lunch," said the offender, apologetically, "that I didn't think

you would mind my giving a bit to the dog."

"Taint the value of the stuff," and the owner spoke with lofty contempt, and then bestowed a solicitous glance at the dog, "but that pup is worth a hundred dollars, and I don't want to take no chances with him."

THE MULE.—The mule is neither a fool or lazy, but simply devilish. It has the brilliant qualities and moral perversity of Mephistopheles. It is the most intelligent quadruped, it is the intellectual superior of the majority of men. It does not act from intuition but from reason. Marshall Wilder's story indicates its calculating malice. He tells of a negro whose mule was sick and who was urged to give it a maximum dose of rhubarb and jalap. For three days the negro did not appear on the streets, and when he did he was a wreck. He explained that he had placed the medicine in a tin tube, put one end of the tube in the mule's mouth and the other end in his own, intending to blow the medicine down the mule's throat. "But de mule he blowed first!"

An amusing line was spoken in Judge Garrison's court, in Camden, the other day.

A gawky Jerseyman was on the witness stand, and instead of speaking so that the jury could hear him, he persisted in mumbling his answers to his counsel. Finally the Judge said:

"Will you kindly speak so that these gentlemen can hear you?" pointing to the jury.

The up-countryman turned around and found the twelve men all in an attitude of strained attention. His face thereupon lighted up with a half-grateful expression, and he replied: "Why certainly. Are they interested in my case?"

And from this point on he made a better witness, feeling, as he did, that he had an audience that wanted to listen to him.

## Chaff.

The foolish man selects a wife as he would an umbrella, paying a high price for a pretty head.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

What is the difference between a fog and a falling star?—One's a mist on earth and the other is missed in heaven.

The minister who divides his discourse into many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it's lucky for most of us that there's no building inspector around.

The man who lost his right leg in the war by trying to stop a rolling cannon-ball has always regretted that he put his best foot forward.

A coon came between two skaters on the ice the other day and they had a falling out. That was better than if they had had a falling in.

The little girl who wrote on her examination paper, "The interior of a dog is principally used for purposes of exploration," was wiser than she thought.

The late Oliver Ditson left \$15,000 for the founding of a home for poor singers. His bequest was a home for poor singers. Fifteen millions wouldn't have hurt him.

Citizen (to Italian) (who is making the dirt fly)—Why are you so very industrious, Garibaldi? do you feel that you ought to look your wages? Garibaldi—St. Signor, boss! I earn a living.

"Och," said a love-lorn Hibernian, "What a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so deliciously there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain."

"Did you see that Tennessee compadre at the circus to-day?" said Mr. Stayright as the clock struck twelve. "Yes, I did. He was a real one. Treen sometimes leave, do they not, Mr. Stayright?"

"Well, my dear, what did you think of Dr. Verbose's sermon this morning?" "Why, I was very much surprised. I never knew before that the apparently simple text he chose was so hard to explain."

"My family," said Redtape, pompously, is a distinguished one. It came to this country in the Mayflower. "Why," observed Stayright, "that was the name of the emigrant vessel that my cook came over in also."

While reading a few chapters of Noah Webster's "Generalissimo" we learned that when they embalm a man they fill him up with aromatic spices. Now

